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TO M—C—, ON HER MARRIAGE AND DEPARTURE.

One last, one lingering look—no fortune alone
The world so bright—the day of calm report!
Ever fair withdraw that typhus-like form from view,
And she who charmed the many, sets the few:
One look, ah me! and is it then the last,
The parting vision of the heavenly past?

Most all the budding blos, so nearly rare,
Die, like its shadow, when the tempest comes;
The gossamer-like opening bloom of joy,
Just then set in when nerves throbbed sore;

The fairy prospect, of that other woe.

Where truth and virtue spread eternal shame;

But half reveal'd to eyes of mortal mould,

And masked over—'tis their quick hand hath told

A precious hour, in that pervading gloom,

Of joyous life, of heavenly innocence.

Then loved and lonely one—when shrinking grace

With modest, innocent, sought each lonely place;

And there diffused the magic of the mind

As roses, nourish'd by the secret wind,

How shall this fragile pen, convey to these

The grief—the glam—the fatal calamity.

Which matin's o'er where yon thin image lies

Whilst the tear heart beats, and the bosom heaves;

And yet shall honest, with pale mem'ry's bane

Unshaken by time—unharm'd by passion's power.

How faint the sorrow rankling in each breast!

By thy young friend, and thy virtuous host?

'Tis ours to feel—'tis ours to know the sting—

'Tis ours to taste—when hope is withering—

To witness o'er friend's pleasure, and in death,

Where Joy smiles bright, but holds a bane.

'Tis ours to suffer—ours to feel the blast;

Or fill despair sweep o'er the faded past.

Yet we complain not,—thou art lovelier yet!

What boots to us, though hope itself be set?

One sense yet remains—one thought of bliss,

Thus art made happier—e'en we more than this?

The tender doot is plucked from native bower,

To thrive in somber climes and hallow'd hours:

What though the wound be deep, and many a tear

Dost in sorrow, roll of one's dear,

Yet shall the germs in native grandeur rise

And grace the glory of the vernal skies.

Go then, young Peri—the loveliest of all,

To me—friend—thine—more I may not call,

To those regions, blest, oh! blest to these,

Dispense thy light, and bid each end be free;

Cast o'er the wild, thy still increasing love,

And spread a forest of the rosies above.

And with these hues, (perhaps remembrance yet

Will wrap his image in oblivion jet.)

But bear his wishes, earnest prayers, for thine

Though a dark pilgrim at thy spacie shrine;

And should his warlike name be o'er thine eye,

Drop but the tear—'twill plead for him so high:

'Twill wash the stains from that deputed soul,

And wing its fortunes for the heavenly goal.

O! not unkind—unmerciful—is his fate,

So thou not soon—when all beside thee hate;

Thy smile—thy word—will balance every woe,

And bid each deed—each departing sin below;

Thy kind remembrance—(all he sits on earth)

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Today's the very spic of life,
That gives it all its flavor.

—C. H. COOPER.

How many remember the beautiful spots
We used to frequent? how
Our first loves were there; how
We used to sit and talk away.

—John George Cawein.

The last stanza is exquisitely written, and is founded on the eternal experience of life.

Remember then from childhood's bairn,
I've had a bird or flower;
I didn't fly or taste,
I never had a little bit.

Never did I sit on my lap,
Never did I make a bird's nest;
I left it to our schoolboy rep.

I never had a bit of meat,
But always won the medal.

And always on the brother's side.

AN ENIGMA.

Four letters constitute me a monosyllable,
and winding and twisting me, by transposition
of letters, are in the habit of doing, to
make either a good or a bad cause, for such
as are now in progress that my application
is in general leading for the better or for the
worse. I am an indispensable friend, and at the
same time a powerful enemy—I give life and
destroy life—I create agreeable and pain-
ful sensations—make gales or locusts by me—
blow the face—I destroy the constitution
without pause or desire—without me life be-
comes extinguished—the life of all created mat-
ter, both animal and vegetable—I might extend a
catalogue of my usefulness and destructiveness
but my creation's best friend, avowed enemy
and the hand of man that binds man to man,
has employed to dissolve every social tie—
I am omnipotent—that far I have
done—I have no amiable character; I shall now
have a bairn, and if you possess as much in-
telligence, who unfolded the riddle of the
enigma, you will have the pleasure of unlock-
ing the mystery of this enigma. Known then to
myself, my 5th, 6th, and 7th, you will find me
in a position to give you a full explanation
of my creation, a deduction of which gives you
a clear view of my character, and to all my ad-
ditional qualities, and to all my bad advice.
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The spring bath comes—"refreshing earth,
survives all but man,"—your head aches, and
you feel unusually dryish, languid and un-
comfortable. Take a warm bath; it will relieve
you in an hour. But take it in the proper way—

"When 'tis done, 'tis done well."

for in this lies the mischief of warm bathing.—
A man generally gets to a bath as if he were
carrying an express or running away from a
homicide. He is out of breath and is in a per-
spiration on his arrival. He undresses himself
in a great hurry, soaks his body in the hot
water, kicks about for five minutes, emerges
with every pore open, puts on his garments,
looks complacently in a mirror, and thinks he
has taken a warm bath! No such thing—he
has taken nothing but a cold! In one hour he
begins to sneeze, and the next day he commences
coughing, and curses the bath. Philosophy
grieves over his folly, but will not relieve his
nose and lungs. Why did the bath give him a
cold? Because he was in a perspiration when
he went into the water, which said perspiration
was increased by the heat, and checked as soon
as he raised, "placidum caput, it should be
serpens" ends" in to the colder medium of the
air. The order of nature must be reversed to
prevent a man from taking cold under such
circumstances.

Now, reader, we will tell you how to take a
bath. In the first place, pay your note, if it be
due—but if you cannot do that let it be protest-
ed, and think no more about it. If you have
any quarrel on hand, whip or get whipped at
once—tranquility of mind is all important in
rendering the warm bath beneficial. Walk
languorously to the house of abstinence, and disrobe
yourself with moderate haste. You may have
the water hot enough to parboil you, if you
choose—that is left to your own taste. In with-
you, and to beguile the time read a newspaper
or smoke a cigar—take care, however, to keep the
cigar above water. If you don't it will go
out. In about half an hour, the water will cool
to nearly the temperature of the air, and you
will have gone gradually and safely through
half a dozen climates. You will have left
the torrid for the temperate zone. Then let
in the cold water, very slowly, almost drop by drop,
and in the course of twenty minutes you will find
yourself in a cold bath. Your pores will have
closed gradually and moderately, your sensations
will be exquisite during the process, and you will
feel strength and elasticity in every limb.
You emerge from the cold water into the
warmer air—dry your body thoroughly with a
coarse towel, and feel like a new man. It is
an impossibility for you to take cold—if you do,
you are at liberty to come and box our ears for
giving you bad advice.

SPICES.

Cayenne pepper, black pepper, and ginger,
may be esteemed the best of spices. Nutmegs,
cloves, mace, cinnamon, and allspice, are ge-
nerally productive of indigestion and headache
to weak persons.

TO MAKE CEMENT FOR BROKEN GLASS.

Take an ounce of Mincing, steep it in half a
pint of spirits of wine, for twenty-four hours,
then let it dissolve over a slow fire, always keep-
ing it covered, or the spirit will evaporate, then
take six cloves of garlic, bruise them well in a
mortar, put them in a linen cloth, and squeeze
the juice into the glassing; mix all well together,
and keep it for use; it being excellent to join
glass ornaments, &c.

TO PREVENT SHOES FROM TAKING IN WATER.

One pint of drying oil, two ounces of yellow
wax, two ounces of turpentine, and half an ounce
of Burgundy pitch, melted carefully over a slow
fire. If new boots or shoes are rubbed carefully
with this mixture, either in the sunshine, or at
some distance from the fire, with a sponge or
soft brush, and the operation is repeated as often
as they become dry, till the leather is fully saturated,
they will be impervious to the wet, and will
wear much longer, as well as acquiring a
softness and pliability that will prevent the leather
from ever shriveling.

Note.—Shoes or boots prepared as above ought
not to be worn till perfectly dry and elastic,
otherwise their durability would rather be pre-
vented than increased.

KNEADING OF BREAD BY MACHINERY.

A company has been established in Paris, to
supply the metropolis with pure bread. Among
other improvements adopted by this society, is
that of kneading the dough, by means of steam
machinery. This substitution for the working
of the bread by manual labour besides, the great
economies of the process, has the further
advantage of allowing yeast to be dispensed with;
the additional power of the machine being
sufficient to give the bread its proper degree of
lightness, without any foreign aid. The cap-
ital of the company is divided into 4000 shares of
100 francs each.

HONEY COMBS.

Wax may be extracted from bee combs, in the
following economical manner: Have on the fire
an open vessel of boiling water, and, standing
by the fire an open vessel of cold water; put the
comb, close tied in a canvas bag, into the boiling
water, and repeatedly squeeze it down with a
stick, or large wooden spoon; the wax will
come through the bag and swim on the surface
of the water; skim it off, and put it in the vessel
of cold water; by repeatedly squeezing the bag,
and skimming every particle of wax will be ob-
tained: when congealed on the cold water, it
may be taken off, again melted, and cast into
moulds of any convenient shape for sale.

HORTICULTURE.

A singular sort of a man, not 20 miles from
here, sent for a magistrate to write his will.
After mentioning a number of bequests, he went
on, "Then I give and bequeath to my beloved
brother, Zack, one thousand dollars."—"Why,
you are not worth half that sum in the world,"
exclaimed the magistrate.—"Well, no matter
if I ain't," replied the other, "it's my will that
brother Zack should have that sum, and as
many more and get it if he has a mind to."

KETT.

In his *Spoon of wit*, gives an outrageous
specimen of pugil passing, published in a
newspaper, written and printed in the reign of
James I. "The diaf (says the preacher) shows
that we men die off; yet notwithstanding,
all have now turned to old houses; parades
is a party of dies; our marriages are merry ages;
marriage is a master of money; our driv-
ers are dry drivers; was it so in the days of Noah."

Chief Justice Mansfield.—This great law-
yer professedly with a view to proving his own
ancestors, who were always ascetics, when old fashioned,
to have known no contemporary habits of
luxury or dissipation.—"I have seen very old men by
the way, who were very old, the objects of
curiosity to the older brother,"—"I suppose you
mean a very temperate life."—"Never
thought of being her water, my lord," said Elm-
er, "but, I suppose, I suppose, the judge,
would be pleased to the younger brother."—
"What could I get nothing else, my lord?" was
the reply.—"I always took my glass with my
hand."—"Well then," replied his lordship,
"I will not say, in—on this will fluctuate,
and so on."

HOW TO BATHE.

We are disposed to take some care of
ourselves, as we are informed, by the thanks
of the author of the *Book of Health*, we are bound to give
you an account of it. We do not turn up, your
name, nor the name of any author, for these are
so much copied and long exper-
imented by the various writers we re-
spect.

A correspondent of the Springfield Journal
says:—"Last summer I transacted business in
June. This spring have cut those three or four
times a week, and most of them are very
expensive articles for the table—they occupy little
space, and require very little attention. I make
this statement now, as this is the season for
transplanting them, and I know of no better
green, nor any thing more productive for a small
portion of a garden—they are planted about
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A correspondent of the Springfield Journal
says:—"Last summer I transacted business in
June. This spring have cut those three or four
times a week, and most of them are very
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